

*Dear God, please help them...
what can I do... should I?*

**A sweater can
help a lot!**

Jesus gives hope.

**Without help
some die.**



'Finding A Sweater' is a shared glimpse of two sister's trials, hope, and paths away from the dysfunctional dynamics that abuse often generates.

'The Sweater' tells of the Another Way Family Bargain Center's help to one sister, in need of shelter and a new beginning.

'No Sweater Big Enough' commemorates the endurance and sufferings of the other sister, a victim of spousal, and social system abuses, whose death echoes domestic violence.

With **poems of encouragement** for the afflicted, and a simple fundraising strategy that includes a pastoral kick-off in **'Priming the Pump,'** these two powerful testimonies of victory through Jesus are shared for assistance to all who share the burden of dealing with, recovering from, and trying to assist folks at such malfunction-junctions in their lives and the lives of others.

Bible Scriptures and references are included.

(ONLINE VERSION of printed book's Rear Cover)

FINDING A SWEATER

By SC Jones, DD



(ONLINE VERSION printed book's Front Cover)

Finding A Sweater

By SC Jones, DD
2018



*'I was old and now am young,
yet I have never seen the righteous forsaken
or their children begging bread.'*
Bible, Psalm 37:25

Let us share the bread of life³³
and living waters.³⁴

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Love covers a multitude of sin.
Bible, 1 Peter 4:8

The Sweater

By
SC Jones, DD



It stood alone, a bastion of truth in the center of the store, facing everyone who entered. Past the checkout counter and the food drive donation box, a mannequin torso crowned a clothing rack, unfurling a promise of warmth from wind and rain. Heavy wool, tight weave, collar, two wood buttons for its v-neck, long full body and sleeves, the sweater was a bit intimidating in quality so far above the norm. I'd never worn anything like it, but seduction isn't simple. The sweater wafted open desert, wind blown skies, sweeping sands, and a hard, wet wind on a ride across the lake -- passions left behind for life's cares, commitments and in exhaustion. The very art of seduction -- wanting things we'd like to need. The sweater was needed for outdoor living, a way of life I'd given up one decision at a time. Its patterned beauty and strength of fiber painfully awakened a forgotten need.

Most of the customers in Another Way Family Bargain Center are Navajo.¹ Now and then a white wandered through. Everyone connecting to the second hand merchandise, looking, touching, needing, wondering. Hard to say who was working-off community service time, or in some other way just functioning as a part of the whole community effort to raise funds for victims of domestic violence. Left-overs from yard sales, convenience drop-off contributions, and genuine intent to channel life's overflow into assistance for families' in crisis supplied the store's 'assistance reservoir' generating the displayed sweater.

No one knew me here. I was invisible by lack of relationship. A customer of conjecture. A face of reference only to their world, not mine. The sweater's breath was clean air, hard work, safety. Maybe a Navajo weaver made it for shepherding their flock. Perhaps a wealthy tourist or rich retiree had received new gifts to replace its grandeur and passed it along in the spirit of giving. I walked by it in the store thinking they'd get a good price for it.

White and gray, deep aqua and two shades of purple, it was a canvas of desert mountains and depths of deep moving water. With tips of white lama hair and knots of wool tufts it promised to provide a comfortable mantle. A hiding place for form, from the world's eyes, beneath patterns of color. Its tight weave told of warm water shrinkage without colors running. The sweater's good quality was proven.

Even though it wasn't for me, it was still there the second week. I didn't touch it, or look at it for size, though it was large enough for a man. I felt it as I walked by, though, and surprisingly it felt like just a sweater. Whoever owned it was gone and so was the maker -- it was just a sweater.

The third week I walked up to it and touched its hard weave. It folded gently from the breaking of wear. It would itch, but not fight body movement. A good outdoor sweater for the cold. The Indian women glared and the men walked by hard. The spirit in the store pushed me out. It was Christmas week and a spirit of lack and need buffeted everyone in the store. Not a buying day for me. They might think I could buy new things. I could, and I could go without. I had learned. Abuse is like that. It leaves what really matters in the way of cohesive unity, and cuts a raw edge, then salts it. Hard pain has a numb place in it once you lose your fear of it. That's the place where what is not appreciated does not die because it cannot.

We can love ourselves and others because we choose to. Do not tell me I was abused. I was not. I chose to walk away and not get drawn into its whirlpool of destructions. Do not tell me I am not good woman or Christian. You do not know why I am like an open sail in the wind or a leaf in the sun. Shadows cool the fire. I am Gods alone to judge. Masks of courage, people go on, grow old and course the paths they can. Jesus is my way and he carried my hurts, healed our pains, promised and kept His Bible truth -- even in our shortcomings and long hauls, He saved me. A heavy, bulky, big old sweater could hide me from life better than a bottle of booze absorbs cutting edges, or screaming tantrums force walls in the face of opposition.

Four dollars and the sweater was mine. Cash from the hands of children, the pockets of sons, the wallets sat upon on the seats of working men, and the purses of shopping mothers with crying children. I struggled to tie the old plastic grocery bag's loop handles together to keep the sweater bundled while I walked out of the store's warmth into winter's freezing bite. As the doors shut behind me I felt the story in my bag spring to life. I wasn't expecting it. I had sought for a sense of its creator and owner of the sweater, never feeling the people who had gazed upon its splendor while it stood like a shepherd's hill until after I took it from the store.

The shoppers of Another Way Family Bargain Center were the ones connected to the sweater now. Of course. All the hurt, all the needs, self respect, integrity and hope they walked under impregnated my bundle. I would wear it like a banner. They had all seen it during the Christmas season that we all looked for treasures, shared by caring neighbors we did not know. Treasures we could use and pass along to others in need. I will wear the sweater in the face of cold winds carrying water and time to strengthen and heal what is left in me while I build anew -- like each of you. Happy New Year. *Baa Hozhqgo Nee Ninaadoohah.*

Footprints in the Sand

~ Anonymous ~

One night I had a dream
I was walking along the beach with the Lord,
Across the sky flashed scenes from my life.
In each scene I noticed two set of footprints in the sand.
One belonged to me, and the other to the Lord.

When the last scene of my life appeared before me,
I looked back at the footprints in the sand.
To my surprise, I noticed that many times
along the path of my life,
especially at the very lowest and saddest times,
there was only one set of footprints.

This surprised me, so I asked the Lord about it,
"Lord, You said that once I decided to follow You,
You would walk with me all the way.
But I notice that during the saddest
and most troublesome times in my life,
there is only one set of footprints in the sand.
I don't understand why You left my side
when I needed You the most."

The Lord answered, "My precious child,
I never left you during your times of trial.
Where you see only one set of footprints,
I was carrying you."

2 Corinthians 12:9,10





No Sweater Big Enough

By SC Jones, DD

I passed my sweater onto my sister. I hoped it would help her. It wasn't big enough.

These are two of the last pictures I have of her. She rests in the Lord Jesus now.

Is there one of you who thinks I'm wrong to show these pictures?

Well, I think it would be wrong not to show them. They said she fell. Nobody could change what happened, but we tried to stop it.

Time after time, she and I talked, we prayed, we tried. Finally she quit trying, she quit talking, she wasn't available to take my calls, she'd get angry within an hour when we'd spend time together. What happened?

Success, failure, betrayal, self pity, anger, unforgiveness, all stretched, bent, rolled-over, repeatedly examined, and worked on by her in 'AA' and counseling, with and without meds, in and out of a bio-chemical balanced state of mind.

Good family, good grades, caring parents, singer, dancer, pre law student, waitress, military. Wrong men, wrong party, alcohol, pot, disease, bad marriage. Bible and mother's instruction that God hated divorce. Faith that things would work out. Criminal harassment, bad neighbors, not enough safe houses, not enough support, too many self righteous 'buttinskees'. To blame is no gain.

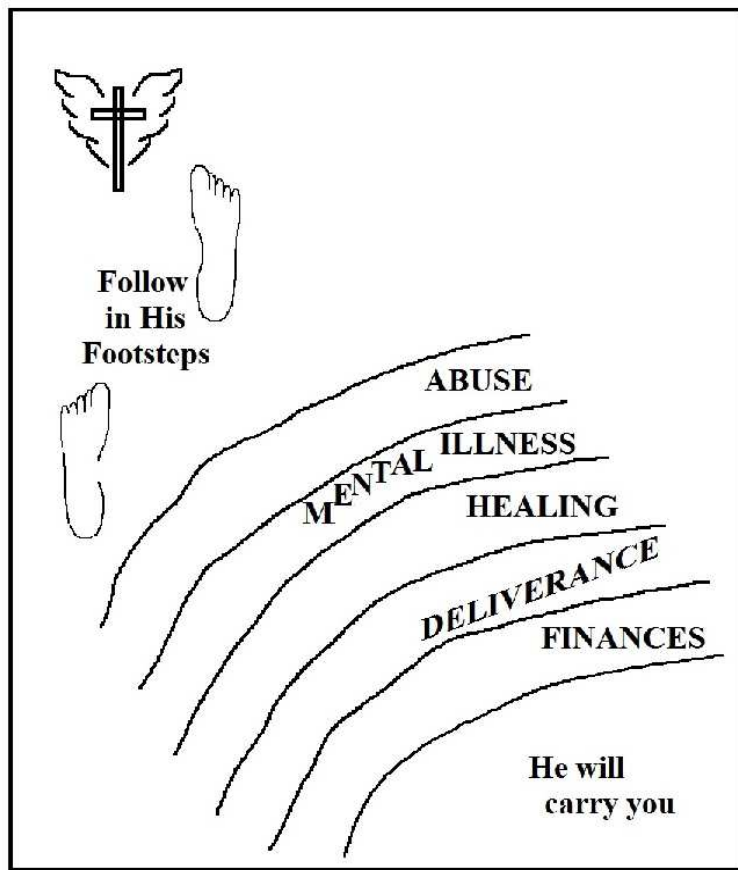
It happened. One decision, one goal, one day at a time.
Live for Christ. Don't let it happen to you. Find a sweater.
It's never a long time ago. It's always today. It never leaves.
It never goes away.

Unfortunately, problems are often just symptoms of unshared matters, and hindsight is twenty-twenty.

So, I'm not going to presume to understand, judge or give guidance, but what I would like to do is firmly establish the fact that Jesus Christ came to give men abundant life, to set the captives free, to bring deliverance and healing, and to care for and protect His people in this life as well as eternally. He made a final, complete, eternal sacrifice, when He was crucified on the cross for all mankind's redemption. He bore the curses of their sins for them that would have eternally damned their souls to hell. Christ's sinless blood was spilled in place of all other sacrifices, for all men's sins, who chose to receive His act of merciful atonement by faith.

Accepting God's free gift of salvation through Jesus Christ by faith not only gives you eternal salvation, but also the right to walk in God's blessings in this life, and that's going to be the best place for help that I can send you. He's already there -- just ask him.





WOMEN IN CRISIS FUNDRAISER

Speaker:

Date / Time / Location:

Sponsor Contact:

Recipient Goal:

[Bulletin Board Flyer, Folding Mailer]

PRIMING THE PUMP

When we're feeling tired and overburdened and the call comes for more needs to be met in Jesus, we can miss the opportunity, or lean on Him and give what we have to give when His opportunities present themselves.

I hope this book, and the referenced 'Accounted All Joy: A Study Syllabus for Disciples of Jesus Christ,' with its Bible references for the family as part of the New Testament church, addressing issues pertinent to marital conflict and abuse, will assist you in helping others.²

I also like to introduce the Hide the Word in Your Heart Club for memory scripture badges, scripture praise music, and club films.³

I'm available today right here, right now to write this, and who knows when or where to speak. So, please be blessed with this love offering to encourage those who have the capacity to reach out to others in the ministerings of our Lord Jesus Christ to those in need, with a special call for Women in Crisis. Thank you.

I like the idea of having 'bookmarks' to pass out for ten topics of emphasis during a 'talk'. (ie.) Hand out a Dollar Store Egg / Chicken: *"Which came first, the chicken or the egg, as pertains to drug addiction lifestyles in a society that requires mandatory drugging, even before birth?"* Then, at the closing of the 'talk,' the last free gift offered to everyone in the informal setting is the free gift of Salvation through Jesus Christ that they are welcome to stay and talk about.

Perhaps meeting at the front of a local Charity Store with the challenge to people to donate in addition to their purchases, for a total amount that will be matched by a sponsor. Guests who responded to the WOMEN IN CRISIS FUNDRAISER flyer distributed through community church invitations, bulletin boards, direct mailings of the three-fold flyer, postings in online chat sites, or from scanned⁴ .pdf or .jpg files they received in emails and text messages, may have never heard Christ's message of Salvation.

Following are some ideas, in brevity, on seven points that can be simply addressed in a short FUNDRAISER setting, in assistance for those dealing with life crises. Thank you.*

HIS FOOTSTEPS

Christians live in the world, but are not of it,⁵ and are instructed to be kind and patient, and to love the unloveable.⁶ However, bad companions corrupt good manners⁷ and it's through tribulations that we enter the Kingdom of God,⁸ contending for Jesus in us⁹ to overcome the world around us.¹⁰

Follow in His footsteps as a disciple of Christ.¹¹

Take up your cross and follow Jesus.¹²

Choose to let Jesus in you forgive, turn the other cheek,¹³ love your neighbor like you love yourself¹⁴ and if possible,¹⁵ don't allow others to continue wrecking themselves and you.¹⁶

ABUSE

THE BASE NATURE OF MANKIND WITHOUT MORAL VALUES IS SELFISH AND CONTROLLING, mean and insensitive.¹⁷ The system of controls practiced in our society is judgmental and punitive. The bully intimidates to control others for his personal benefit. People often mimic others they perceive as successful or powerful, and can break under pressure, compromising personal values in response to their survival needs if they cannot escape. Peer pressure is exemplified in every area of our society.

MENTAL ILLNESS

When people are born, if they are taken from their birthparent society they will primarily conform to the community they are adopted into, with the exception of certain characteristics identified as similar to their genetic family. If mental illness is the mind's inability to process stimulation and respond in a functionally healthy manner, then unless physiologically deformed, natural health cares can facilitate self healing of most mental illnesses.

However, when mental illness is a Social Control Tag for uncooperative behavior, and it can be abused in a social welfare state system by men of base nature, degradation instead of encouragement will become a moral crucible. That combined with environmental and chemical imbalances in the world as well as individuals can challenge anyone.¹⁸ Fortunately Jesus met that need for us at Calvary, as well.¹⁹

HEALING

Great is Jesus in the midst of His people.²⁰ We've been commissioned to lay hands on the sick that they might recover, and to cast out demons.²¹ That covers body, soul and spirit for healing. Take Bible scriptures like medicine.²² The Word of God is health to the body and marrow to the bone.²³

DELIVERANCE

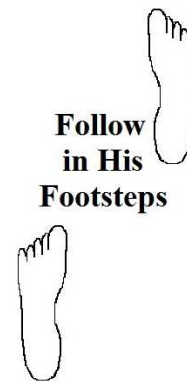
In addition to physical, mental and emotional affliction and oppression that people can be delivered from through Jesus Christ, he can also save us from life circumstances that may break or overburden us.²⁴ He came to give us abundant life and to set the captives free.²⁵

FINANCES

Ask and you shall receive.²⁶ Diligently knock on God's door and He will answer you. It is His desire to give you good things. He knows what you need before you ask.²⁷ He has met all of your needs through Jesus Christ.²⁸ He cares for you.²⁹

HE WILL CARRY YOU

Cast your cares on Jesus and he will give you rest, take up His yoke, it is easy.²⁹ You say the situation is still hard?³⁰ His overcoming grace in you will carry you through.³¹ Trust Him.³²



1 Peter 2:21-25

STOP THE WORLD

When I'm too weak
to move,
so exhausted
that no amount
of sleep will bring rest;
too tense to bask
in hot waters that cannot touch
long aching muscles ...

When the devil
has broken understanding
with friends I long to talk to ..

When my marriage runs dry
and I've nothing more to
give the kids ..

When I long to touch
the hands of God
and see his face
and feel his breath ..

When there's not enough
of anything
to fill the aches
of life's lonely emptiness

I stop the world
and pull down the pages
from which spring living waters.

I spill its awesome refreshment
into dark, dry desert lands

I have known
And I'm swept with relief
and my soul surges upward
and soars on high places
and rests in Mt. Zion's mystique.

All those things I couldn't do, get, or be enough for
are vacuum packed
with Jesus
and I have peace!

Amen -- SC Jones, DD

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'Maze of Injustice: The Failure to Protect Indigenous Women from Sexual Violence in the USA'. Report that Native American and Alaska Native women are more than 2.5 times likely to be raped or sexually assaulted than women in the United States in general, (amnestyusa.org/violence-against-women/ AIUSA 2007)
- ² **'Accounted All Joy: A Study Syllabus for Disciples of Jesus Christ,'** SC Jones, DD, (<https://archive.org/details/fav-1joy>)
- ³ **Hide the Word in Your Heart Club** (www.heartclub.com) films, songs
- ⁴ CamScanner.com: Free downloadable app for android cell phones, provides scanner quality .jpg and .pdf files for written material.
- * 1Thess 5:18 'In everything give thanks: for this is the will of God...'
- ⁵ Jn 17:15-18. ⁶ Col 3:12; Mth 5:44. ⁷ 1Cor 15:33. ⁸ Acts 14:22.
- ⁹ Phil 1:27-29. ¹⁰ Jn 16:33; 1Jn 5:4-5. ¹¹ Jn 8:12. ¹² Mth 16:24.
- ¹³ Mth 5:39. ¹⁴ Mrk 12:31. ¹⁵ Prv 3:27-34. ¹⁶ 1Tim 5:22. ¹⁷ 2Tim 3:1-5.
- ¹⁸ **'Broken Wing,'** SC Jones, DD, Ch.II, Health care and environmental issues; Ch.III, Appendix I, FFF; Appendix II, Psychiatric Rights & Living Will; Appendix III, Mediation Request Form for Law Enforcement. (<https://archive.org/details/fav-1joy>);
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- ²⁶ Mth 7:7-12. ²⁷ Mth 6:8. ²⁸ Phil 4:19. ²⁹ 1Ptr5:7. ³⁰ Psa 46:1-3.
- ³¹ 2 Cor 12:9. ³² Prv 3:5-8. ³³ Jn 6:35. ³⁴ Jn 4:10-14.



LIBRARY DESCRIPTION

Summary: How two sister's dealt with abuse, and the hopes they shared through a Sweater and Jesus Christ. Pastoral Fundraising and Outreach Plan for Victims of Domestic Violence. Poems and Bible Scripture References.

Description: Illustrated booklet.

Categories: Non fiction. Short stories. Poems.

Sociology, Psychology, Health: *Spousal Abuse and Domestic Violence.*

Religious, Christian: *Bible Scriptures, Fund Raising, Public Speaking Outline.*

